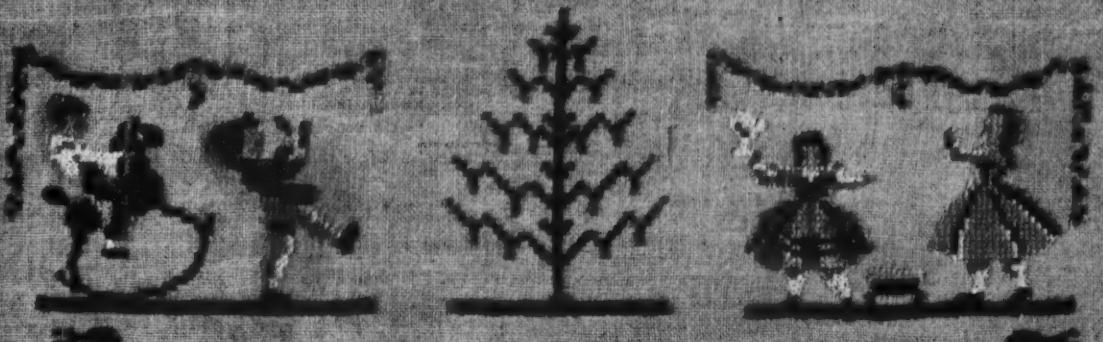
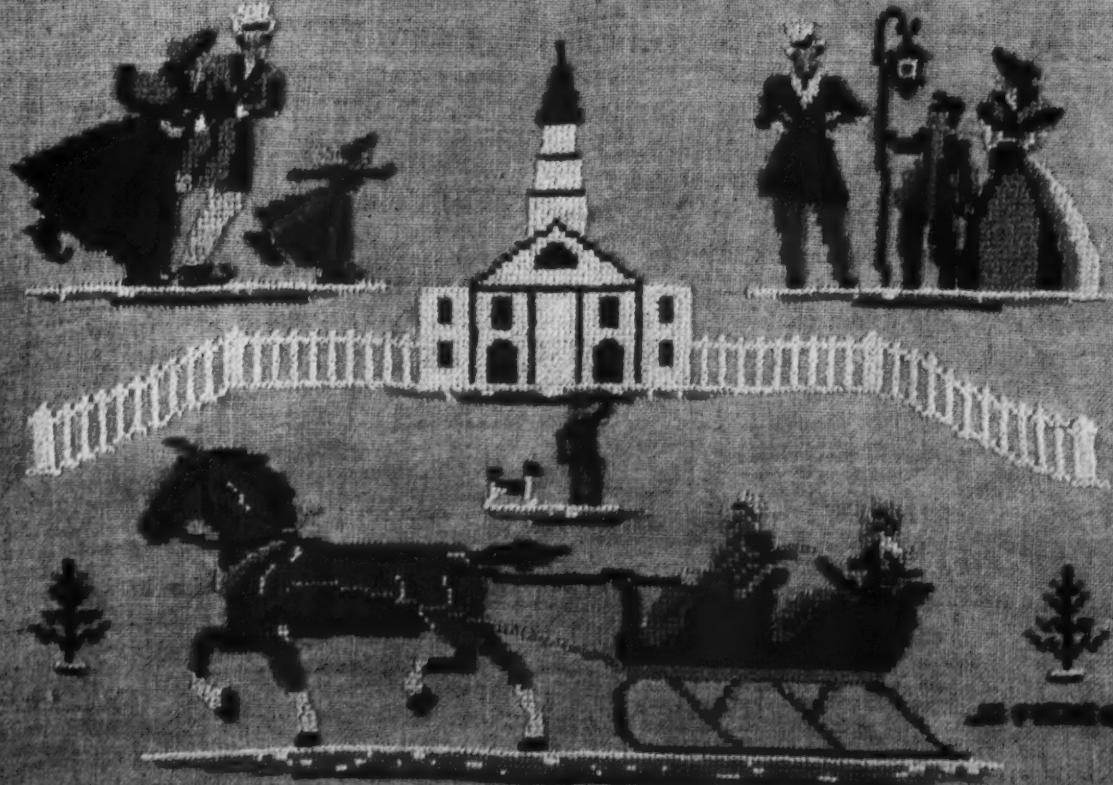


AMERICAN
JUNIOR RED CROSS
NEWS

December 1941



Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,
Jingle all the Way,
How sweet Few It Is to Ride
In a one Horse open Sleigh!



Hayden Makes a Shepherd's Pipe

Ann Cobb

Decoration by Helen Finger

I NEVER had a fiddle or a dulcimer to own,
But now I have a shepherd's pipe I made almost alone.

A proper tall young man came in to tarry for a spell.
All manner of fine-pretty tricks he'd fashion and he'd tell.

We scholars chose our favorite of sev'ral things to do.
I craved to make a shepherd's pipe from what he called bamboo.

He certainly had patience—he would show me o'er and o'er,
And guide my tuning till I felt like trying more and more.

Perhaps by Christmas holidays it might be sounding right?
I'd like to take it homealong, and play them "Silent Night."

—Reprinted from "Mountain Life and Work," with permission of the author and publisher.



American Junior Red Cross NEWS

December • 1941

Part I

The Shalako

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by Gerald Nailor

FAWN stood in the door of the bakehouse watching Grandma mixing meal. The bakehouse was just big enough to hold the soapstone slab and one person kneeling in front of it. Grandma spread the dough over the hot stone with deft hands until it was as thin as paper. When it was baked it looked like sheets of colored cellophane, because it was made from blue, red and yellow cornmeal.

Grandma always made *piki* bread for the Shalako feast that was to begin tonight.

From where Fawn stood she could see far up the road to the Pass that lies between Zuni and Gallup City. People on horseback were pouring over the Pass, riding slowly because of the mud. They were Navajos coming to the Shalako. They sat their horses proudly and they came with the jingle of bridles and the flash of silver and turquoise on armband and necklace. They were dressy people, the Navajos. Their moccasins, ankle-high, were fastened at the side with big silver buttons and their blankets were woven with patterns of mountains and storm clouds. The women wore flounced skirts of flowered calico and the men's belts were heavy with hand-beaten metal.

There had been a time when no Navajo would have dared come over the Pass at Shalako time; for the Zunis were enemies.

Then one year the Zunis had said, "At Shalako there should be no enemies; for this is the Feast of the Blessing of Homes." So they made a truce with the Navajos and invited them to their festival as guests of

honor. Since then the tribes have been friends, and Zuni and Navajo children have such good times at the Shalako that they look forward to it as the great event of the year.

Now Fawn was looking for Daze-bah in the throng. There she was! She had seen Fawn and was urging her pony to the side of the road. Every December she came with her parents, and there was a mattress and blanket waiting for her at Fawn's house.

The press of horses in the road was too great for the girls to stop for greetings, but they grinned at each other and Fawn caught hold of a stirrup and ran along beside the pony.

They threaded their way through the village, making for Fawn's house, past corrals of stamping horses, and palings hung with drying sheepskins. Blue piñon smoke floated over every house.

"My, how good it smells!" cried the Navajo girl, hungry after her long ride. Indeed the whole village was one grand smell. Besides the spicy smoke, there was the rich odor of roasting mutton and every outdoor oven was being stoked to capacity.

Fawn's house was long and low, built of sunburned adobe with the roof beams sticking through the walls, making blue shadows across them. There was also a new wing, added during the year for Fawn's married sister and her husband, but they would not occupy it until after the Shalako. No one in Zuni lives in a house before it has been blessed by the House Spirit.

In the big living room of Fawn's home a

meal was spread on a mat on the floor, and the family was gathered around it. There were bowls of corn and beans and plates of roast lamb. The *piki* bread was better than spoons to scoop up the beans and gravy because it could be eaten and did not have to be washed. Fawn brought Daze-bah a gourdful of water from a great earthen jar painted with tadpoles, and the girls sat down to dinner with the family.

At one end of the room there was a graceful fireplace, molded in clay and whitewashed. Before it sat Fawn's married sister with her baby across her knees, for although the sun was hot, the air blew from snow-covered mountains and had a nip in it. The baby was swaddled in a warm shawl, and bound to a board, while above his head there was a framework of hoops, over which a dark cloth was thrown when he slept. Lambs wandered in and out, two dogs with watering mouths slunk about looking for bones and tidbits.

Fawn called one of the lambs and it came running to her and cuddled down by her side.



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"This is Dosi, my own lamb. I brought her up and she understands everything I say," explained Fawn.

The mud froze when the sun went down and then the smack of moccasins on the hard ground could be heard all over the village as groups of boys and girls ran to join the crowd that was moving towards the river, carrying torches.

They were going to meet the Shalako who lived on the mighty flat-topped mountain across the river, looming powerfully out of the dusk against a moonless sky. The river glimmered darkly. Weird animal cries, like the calling of coyotes, rose from the banks. It was the welcome to the Shalako.

Now through the darkness a swaying figure was coming towards them, splashing through the ford, climbing the bank—an immensely tall figure crowned with feathers, wearing a robe of white wool woven with designs in black and green, such as the Hopis weave.

A low chanting went up from the crowd, growing as they went back to the village, for the Shalako had come among them with a blessing.

Though they saw the same ceremony every year and knew that the Shalako was a wooden image carried on the shoulders of a man hidden under the robe, Fawn and Daze-bah were thrilled to the soles of their moccasins, just as we always are glad to see Santa Claus no matter how many times we may have seen him before.

The Shalako stopped at the first of the newly-built houses and the light from the open door fell on the figure of an Indian who knelt and buried a feather at the threshold. That was the symbol of the Blessing of the House Spirit.

And so the procession moved on through the village, stopping at every house or addition to a house that had been put up during the year, and at the doorstep of each, a feather was planted. Then after the blessing of the homes, and when the Shalako had gone back to the mountain by way of the river, the fun began.

In more ways than one the Shalako Feast is like Christmas. It comes in December and it is a time of gift-giving. But not everyone has presents. They are especially for the Guild of the House Builders.

In Zuni no man builds his own house. That

The Builders put on masks, and danced in the houses they had just finished

work is done by the Builders Guild and without pay, for everyone is entitled to a home and it must be put up by those who know how. Moreover there are no strikes and it may be that the Builders have to work at top speed, for all houses must be finished in time for the Shalako.

But the community is grateful to the Builders and pays them in gifts for the improvements in the village, and the Builders, knowing that their turn for a good time has come, grow merry.

They put on masks, which are clay pots with ugly faces, worn over their heads not unlike gas masks, and they dance in the new houses which they have just finished, acting the part of clowns.

Fawn and Daze-bah joined the boys and girls who surged through the narrow passageways, peering in at the windows to watch the antics of the Builders and to catch their wisecracks. The best food and drink was brought out for the dancers and sometimes the children got a handout from a friendly housewife.

And through all the fun there pulsed the shaking of rattles and the beat of tom-toms, heavy and steady, that came from the Sun Priest's house where the old men of the tribe were reciting the Story of Creation, according to Zuni legend; dancing in solemn, rhythmic tread to the chanting.

Daze-bah and Fawn peeped in and saw the young braves standing proud and straight in their dark blankets, with blue-green bands around their black, glossy hair, and the older men, dancing in a circle, in a steady unbroken measure. But they knew the Story of Creation took four hours in the telling and they were tired and hungry. So at midnight they went back to Fawn's house. They wanted to be up early to see the Builders receive their gifts, next morning. The women would come in their best clothes, carrying terra-cotta bowls and jars and bright baskets on their heads, marching in stately procession, the rich dark blue of their skirts, their white veils and white leggings making a handsome picture against the ruddy walls of the village square.

Each woman would vie with the others in her gifts, like New England women at a church supper. There would be great jars of

They sat their horses proudly



dried beans and parched corn; smoked meats, dried fruits, nuts, meal, blankets and moccasins. The men would bring live sheep and goats and dressed skins. All these gifts would be heaped in the little Plaza for the Builders. And the girls would stand on the housetop and look down on all that went on. They would hear the Chief call the Corn Maidens from the four corners of the earth to come and live with them, that there might be peace and prosperity in their country.

But now Fawn and Daze-bah were sleepy and wanted to roll up in their blankets, though the village was still alive with light and noise.

As they entered the house, Fawn's father and big brother, Juniper, came in from the

corral, bringing a half dozen lambs to be killed for the tomorrow's feasting. Put down on the earthen floor, the lambs ran around, bleating feebly.

Juniper picked up one, pinching its plump sides. "Here's a good one," he said.

"Why that's my Dosi!" gasped Fawn. "That's my own lamb. He can't have it!"

She was about to spring forward when Daze-bah whispered, "Say it's a potlatch lamb. Say you gave it to me! I'll give it back when I go home."

"Don't take that one, Juniper," called Fawn. "She belongs to Daze-bah."

"Oh, well, in that case," said Juniper slowly. "But you should take her to the Navajo corral and not leave her here."

"All right. Come on, Dosi!"

When Fawn had the lamb in her arms she said sadly, "You don't belong to me any more, Dosi. You're Daze-bah's lamb."

"Oh, no, I'll give her back to you, truly. Don't worry."

"I'd have to worry if you left her here," said Fawn. "Now that they've seen how fat she is, she's safe only if you take her away."

The girls were out in the frosty night again, threading the crooked paths between houses, on their way to the corral where the Navajo horses were stalled, together with sheep and ponies that had come to them as gifts from the Zunis.

At a corner they passed a large wooden cage set on a rock. Cooped within it was a great American eagle, moving restlessly to and fro like an angry parrot. Light from a near-by

window fell full upon him and the noise of merrymaking swirled about him like clouds of dust. He glared out at the girls with eyes of brass, full of rage and hate.

"See, they've pulled out his tail feathers for the Sun Priest's headdress. That makes him angry," said Fawn.

Daze-bah sighed. She looked over towards the mountain, strong and dark. A place for eagles. "I wish we could let him out," she said.

"But he can't fly. His wings are clipped."

"That's so. We might carry him to the sagebrush."

"Why he'd tear us to pieces with those claws and beak if we tried to touch him. He'd kill Dosi!" The lamb was shivering with fright.

"All right," said Daze-bah, "but things with wings should fly. It doesn't make sense if they can't."

They took the lamb to the corral and shoved her in among the strange sheep. "I hope she won't be lonely," said Fawn.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," cried Daze-bah. "I'll shear her myself every year and I'll weave you a blanket from her wool so that you'll have a part of her, too."

As they went past the cage on their way back, Daze-bah said, "You all live in cages here, but you leave the doors open. That's different. Things with wings ought to fly. Look here, Fawn, I come to see you every year and we have a gorgeous time, but you never have been to my home. Come to see me next. We have no villages like you, but our eagles fly!"

Great-Great-Grandmother

LUCIA CABOT

ONCE great-great-grandmother
Was a little girl.
She knew how to knit,
As well as to purl.

On a patchwork quilt
She was taught to sew.
She cross-stitched a sampler,
Row after row.

She knitted warm socks,
Woolen mufflers, too.
She worked for our soldiers,
Just as we do.

But this was 'way back
In seventy-six.
They only had candles
And lamps with wicks.

Great-great-grandmother
Liked to tell,
How "Liberty" rang
Till they cracked the bell!

Polly Jefferson in Paris

GENE LISITZKY

Illustrations by Harrie Wood

A LETTER from her father! Polly jumped out of the swing and ran, almost tripping over her long skirts in her haste. Although the Honorable Thomas Jefferson, American Ambassador to France, was a very busy man, he managed to send a letter to his seven-year-old Polly or to her Aunt Eppes by almost every ship. Sometimes there were also letters from Martha, Polly's older sister, who was abroad with her father.

Too bad she hadn't seen the ship come in. For the small ocean-going vessels could ride up the river and tie up before the very front door of the Eppington plantation. "Maybe there's a box, too," thought Polly, stopping to cough. She still whooped occasionally, though she had recovered from the whooping cough. But Cousin Jack Eppes had not mentioned a box.

"There's wonderful news for you," said Mrs. Eppes, waving a letter.

"Papa has sent me a doll!" said Polly.

"Better than that. Children, be quiet while I read what Polly's father writes:

"September 20, 1785

"My dear Polly—I have not received a letter from you since I came to France. If you knew how much I love you and what pleasure the receipt of your letters gave me at Philadelphia, you would have written to me, or at least have told your aunt what to write. I wish so much to see you, that I have desired your uncle and aunt to send you to me. I know, my dear Polly, how sorry you will be, and ought to be, to leave them and your cousins; but your sister and myself can not



live without you, and after a while we will carry you back again to see your friends in Virginia.

"In the meantime you shall be taught here to play on the harpsichord, to draw, to dance, to read and talk French, and such other things as will make you more worthy of the love of your friends; but, above all things, by our care and love of you, we

will teach you to love us more than you will do if you stay so far from us. . . .

"When you come here you shall have as many dolls and playthings as you want for yourself, or to send to your cousins, whenever you shall have opportunities. I hope you are a very good girl, that you love your uncle and aunt very much, and are very thankful to them for all their goodness to you. . . .

"We shall hope to have you with us next summer, to find you a very good girl, and to assure you of the truth of our affection for you. Adieu, my dear child."

All the Carr and Eppes cousins crowded around Polly. What a lucky girl she was to be going to Paris. Maybe she'd see the French king and queen. But Polly suddenly burst into tears. "I don't want to go! Dear Aunt Eppes, don't make me leave you," she sobbed.

"What? Not want to go to Paris?" asked Cousin Jack.

Mrs. Eppes took Polly in her arms. "Honey, you don't have to leave immediately. It will take time to find a suitable ship." Motioning to Polly's nurse to take the child away and wash her face, Mrs. Eppes went indoors to answer her brother-in-law. "Either of my own children," she wrote, "would go with pleasure in Polly's



place for all the good things she is promised, but as you will see by her own letter, your daughter is very reluctant to leave."

Polly's letter still exists: "Dear Papa: I long to see you and hope that you and sister Patsy are well; give my love to her and tell her that I long to see her and hope that you and she will come very soon to see us. I hope that you will send me a doll. I am very sorry that you have sent for me. I don't want to go to France. I had rather stay with Aunt Eppes. Your most happy and dutiful daughter, Polly Jefferson."

Three months passed. Polly hoped her father had forgotten or changed his mind, but instead came another letter urging her to make ready to leave. Again Polly wrote: "Dear Papa: I should be very happy to see you, but I can not go to France, and hope that you and sister Patsy are well. Your affectionate daughter. Adieu. Mary Jefferson."

And two months later she wrote again: "Dear Papa: I want to see you and sister Patsy, but you must come to Uncle Eppes. Polly."

But the only thing that was delaying the trip was Mr. Jefferson's great care for Polly's safety at sea. Before his wife had died, he had promised her to be both father and mother to the children. He did not know how long he might have to stay in France, and he did not want seven-year-old Polly to grow up forgetting him and her sister. But an ocean voyage was a fearful thing even for grown-ups. There were storms and shipwrecks to consider, and even pirates, who were common in those days.

So Jefferson made the most careful choice of a ship. He consulted experienced sailors and learned that the Atlantic was least stormy between April and July. He found that most vessels lost at sea were either making their first voyage or had been sailing longer than five years.

At last Polly's ship came up the river. The Eppes family invited Captain Ramsay to stay as a guest at the Eppington plantation, where he had made friends with the children and promised to let them visit his ship. For two whole days the children romped on the deck of the vessel while all of Polly's clothes and belongings were secretly put aboard. On the third day the children were taken to a cabin for a nap, but while Polly was asleep, her

Polly burst into tears. "I don't want to go to Paris," she sobbed

cousins were hurried ashore, and the little girl awoke to find the ship in full sail.

Polly cried for a while, but soon attached herself with all her affectionate heart to the good Captain. He let her walk the deck with him, and taught her the names of the different sails and riggings. Thus passed six happy weeks on shipboard.

Then one day Captain Ramsay handed his passenger his spyglass and showed her a sail on the horizon. "That sail, Polly, means we are entering the English channel, and land is not far away."

Polly clung to the Captain's hand. "Please, dear Captain Ramsay," she cried, "let me stay on your ship. I don't want to go to Paris."

But Polly, with many a tear, was separated from her dear Captain and sent along with her Negro nurse to the London home of John Adams, the American Ambassador to England. In a few days Polly had fallen in love with kind Mrs. Abigail Adams and had become a favorite of the entire household. And when Mr. Jefferson, detained by unexpected business, had to send his household steward, Petit, to London after his daughter, Polly didn't want to leave Mrs. Adams.

At last the Jefferson family was united again. Fourteen-year-old Martha had grown so tall that Polly scarcely recognized her. To be with her little sister, Martha had been given a few weeks' vacation from the convent where she boarded, and Mr. Jefferson devoted as much time as he could spare to his two children. He showed Polly over the beautiful grounds surrounding the house that he had rented from a French count. In the kitchen garden, the glassed-in orangery, and the



flower garden, he taught her the names of vegetables, flowers, and trees she had never seen before. He took Polly and Patsy to the Bois de Boulogne, where they watched crowds of prettily dressed men, women and children drive up in close-packed canvas-covered wagons to listen to the music, to dance, and to play games in the park.

One day he took the girls shopping in his carriage. The sales clerks in the elegant shops all knew Mr. Jefferson well, for he was constantly buying his friends in America watches, canes, spectacles, everything in fact that could not be bought at home. A man of fine taste, Mr. Jefferson would trust no one but himself to buy Patsy's clothes, and on this day he had been commissioned by Mrs. Adams' daughter to buy her a pair of corsets. But first Polly was allowed to choose a doll from a large selection of beautiful ones, and to pick out presents to be sent back to her cousins.

Jefferson's friends came to see his little daughter. Madame Lafayette came with her little daughter and her son, George Washington Lafayette. The little Lafayettes knew English, and Polly enjoyed playing with them.

Mr. Jefferson had decided that his daughters had better be back in school. Martha had taken Polly to visit her convent several times, and so it was not entirely new to her when they returned there for good. First the nuns called her Mademoiselle Polie, but when they learned that Polly was only a nickname for Mary, she became Marie. From then on, even her American friends always called her Maria.

Polly did not like being praised for her beauty, for she thought people were only trying to comfort her because she was not as good in her studies as her sister. But she tried hard and soon was both reading and writing French. She was also taught Spanish and drawing and playing on the harpsichord, the eighteenth century piano.

In time Polly learned to give her schoolmates presents on New Year's Day instead of Christmas, and to observe the other French



At last the Jeffersons spent Christmas in their own home and in their own country

holidays. Her favorite was January 6, *Le Jour du Roi*, the Day of the King, when a huge pie was made with a bean concealed in it. Whichever of the girls got the bean was queen of the convent for the whole day.

Thus passed another happy year, and then Martha told Polly a secret. She had decided to become a nun. Polly, herself, had no wish to leave her father, but how could she desert Martha? She would have to become a nun, too!

"But then you will never see Aunt Eppes again, or Tom Randolph," said Polly desperately. Tom Randolph, the son of one of Jefferson's classmates, had visited the Jeffersons the year before Polly arrived in Paris. Polly had heard what good times Tom and Patsy had had together, and she had noticed how pleased Martha always was to get a letter from him.

A few days later Polly was told that her father was waiting to see her. Rushing into the reception room, she found Martha already there.

"Come, daughters," Mr. Jefferson said, "we are going home. I'm too lonely to live without my family any longer."

Polly now studied with private tutors, but Martha's school days were over. As mistress
(Continued on page 104)

Music in

RHODA NELSON

ABDUL BEN ARAT, astride a donkey so small that it barely lifted his feet from the ground, scanned the desert, straining his eyes for the rolling brown figure of a camel. The Son of Darkness had broken his halter again and wandered away. And tomorrow the sugar cane must be taken to the market at the oasis, where the caravans stopped to barter. Unless the camel were found before nightfall, Ben Isdra would be looking for another boy.

"But I shall find that Son of Darkness," Abdul told himself. "Haven't I always found him before?" He reminded himself that it was only because the camel was so troublesome that Ben Isdra had been able to buy it so cheaply.

The Son of Darkness leered at everyone, curled his loose-hanging lips as he bared his teeth, and blew his evil breath in one's face. If a picket rope could be broken, he would break it. But a bad camel, Abdul told himself, was better than no camel at all.

Perhaps now, with the new bell on his neck, even the Son of Darkness might improve. Abdul took the bell from his tunic and rubbed its shining surface with his sleeve. His eyes closed with delight as he listened to the clear true note the clapper struck from it. This bell would give music in the desert.

Abdul had taken many trips across the blistering sands to the oasis market to earn the money for the silver bell, so many that he had lost count of them. There had been other jobs within the village. Every piece of money had been hoarded until there was enough in his pouch to buy the silver-tongued camel bell.

This morning he had started out from the village before dawn, and now it was well toward midday. He had thought at first that he would be able to track the camel by footprints that led clearly enough away from



Abdul's voice stuck in his throat

over the sand.
shimmer far away at the edges of the desert
in an enticing line of green.

It was long past noon when Abdul stopped in the shade of a jutting rock to eat a few dates he had tucked in his girdle and to drink from his water flask. He had crossed the path of the caravans and had never come this far into the desert before. Every minute he made up his mind to turn back, but another rise of sand tempted him on. Perhaps beyond this next rounded hill he would see the wandering camel.

At last he knew that he would have to turn. It would be after sundown before he could reach the village, and his mother would be worried, for she feared the desert. Abdul himself loved the wide, lonely spaces. He could ride a rocking camel for hours without getting tired. He could tell time by the sun, and at night by the stars. He thought the desert beautiful, either underneath a starry sky, or when the sun blazed down until the sands were like an ocean of gold.

Resting beside the rock, Abdul gazed past the donkey's drooping ears to the brassy sky. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. A vulture circled in apparent idleness above a distant sand hill. But Abdul knew that the bird's flight was not idle; the creature saw some-

the Desert

Illustrations by the Author

the broken picketing post. But soon there were too many footprints of animals coming and going, the padded prints of other camels, the small rounded prints of donkeys, and the tiny divided ones of sheep and goats.

Nevertheless, Abdul kept on across the plain. The sun rose to the middle of the sky. He wrapped his burnous about his head to ward off its rays, for the woolen garment kept out the sun's heat by day, as well as the chill by night.

As the sun beat down, the tiny lizards and the huge black flies scurried Heat mirages began to shimmer far away at the edges of the desert in an enticing line of green.

thing alive moving on the ground below. The vulture watched something on that great immensity of sand. Perhaps it might be the Son of Darkness.

Scrambling to his feet, Abdul mounted the unwilling donkey and started out once more. At last he reached a dried water-course and followed it. The gulley rounded a hill of sand and, beyond that, lay still another hill. But Abdul could not turn back now, although evening was already upon the desert. Another circling vulture had joined the first.

As Abdul rounded the second hill, a white glimmering light shone in the east, and the full moon rose, shining through a halo of mist caused by the eternal dust of the sands. In its light, Abdul saw ahead of him a little rise of rougher country. Then he saw that the vultures were watching four Bedouins swinging down a draw. They were mounted on camels and led pack animals after them.

One camel had no burden. Abdul gasped. It was the Son of Darkness!

Abdul shouted and hurried the donkey forward. But when the strangers came close, he drew rein and his voice stuck fast in his throat. He did not like the look of these four.

The leader, a man tall even for a Bedouin, had a livid scar across one brown cheek. His tight-lipped mouth turned down at the corners. He scowled at the boy.

"May you be blessed," Abdul said weakly.

The leader did not return the greeting. Instead, he reached out a strong hand and jerked Abdul from the donkey's back. The boy felt a sinking at the pit of his stomach. These men had picked up the Son of Darkness, and soon they would have the donkey. The desert was empty of anyone who might help.

"That is my camel which was lost," Abdul said stoutly, hiding his fear under the brave show of his words. "And this is the donkey of Ben Isdra, and it is well that you leave it alone."

"A worm-eaten fig for Ben Isdra!" The tall man spat his chew of betel-nut into the sand. "We take what we want." He nodded at the laughter of the other three. "The desert has been good to us today," he added. "First a camel and now a donkey." He pushed Abdul to one side.

The boy stumbled in the loose sand and flung his arms apart to balance himself. The silver camel bell slipped from his tunic and rolled to the Bedouin's feet.

"Ha! A camel bell! And of good silver,

too!" The fellow picked it up and shook it until the notes pealed out. "It has a pleasing sound. Yes, the desert has been very kind." He shoved the bell under his girdle. "Now, on your way," he ordered Abdul. "Follow us, and we will leave your bones to be picked by the vultures."

"Nothing can change what is already written," Abdul said sadly as he watched the Bedouins disappear. He shrugged his shoulders, but his heart was as heavy as a lump of dried earth. He set out over the sand hills again, bent almost double now to overcome the slipping of his feet in the sand. He must travel as far as possible while the night lasted; it would be more difficult when the sun came up.

He looked up to the stars and his eyes narrowed with anxiety. There were only a few, and as he looked, they vanished. A haze was rising to hide the clear hoary starlight through which the girdle of the Milky Way should have stretched like a white ribbon. Without the stars to guide him, Abdul was lost.

"But surely I came this way!" he thought. "Surely it was this same sand hill over which I just climbed!"

But from its top, he wondered. There were so many sand hills. As far as his eyes could see, they rounded into the moonlight, one after another. And the soft haze the cold December night drew out of the hot sand, rose to mingle with the dust haze that overcast the sky.

The night passed while the boy plodded on. The sun came up and drove the mist away; the sky was gray-white with heat once more. Abdul drained the last of the water he carried in his goat-skin water bottle, and the last of the dates had been eaten when the setting sun threw its rose-colored haze over the desert.

The beating rays of the sun had raised a fever in the boy. It seemed uncertain to him whether this were night or morning. He was not even sure where he wanted to go. It only seemed important to keep on lifting one heavy foot after another, and setting it down again in the sliding sand.

Once Abdul had gone with some of the camel drivers to the Well of Ra, where the Sun God stopped to wash his hands on his long journey around the world. Abdul wished that he could find that well again. He would plunge his fever-hot face into its coolness and drink for a hundred years! He would catch the water in his hands and pour it over his

burning body. For a moment he thought that he saw the palms of Ra waving about the well's rim. But they shimmered away again into the blue night that was dropping down, and he knew that they had been only a mirage.

This night there was no haze. The stars shone clear. But Abdul was too tired to follow them. He was too tired to do anything more than look up at them in dull wonder.

The shock of infinite space about him made Abdul suddenly breathless. The woolly mist rose from the hollows; the great desert stretched away and away. He himself was so very small and alone in that vastness. A slight wind rolled the mist along the sand and Abdul wavered dizzily.

The night had something mysterious and dreamlike about it. The moon floated up like a white lotus, and the little wintry mists that rose up from the hollows were touched by a light that was brighter than moonlight. Abdul looked up and saw the Star!

Other stars were sparkling, but this one Star outshone them all. It was white and clear and still. Its long rays reached to the far edge of the desert. It seemed to point a silver path beyond anyone's going.

Suddenly Abdul gripped his hands together until the pain cleared his senses. For four figures were coming down over a distant slope. The light of the Star revealed their gestures and the rocking gait of the camels they rode. Its brightness made them stand out like dark moving shadows against silver.

Abdul planted his feet firmly in the sand and rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. For a moment he would not look. He was sure that when he did, he would find that the four camels and their riders were only a mirage like the others.

But when he opened his eyes they were still there, closer now. He put his hands to his mouth and tried to shout, but the sound cracked in his dry throat. His trembling knees buckled under him and he fell on his face. He tasted the grit of the sand between his teeth, and then darkness came. It flowed over him and washed out his fear and struggle as smoothly as the sand patterns were swept clean by a desert wind.

He drifted up from unconsciousness some time later and saw for a moment that the four riders stood above him. They must be Kings, so richly were they dressed. Their camels, too, wore camel mats with gold fringes and halters trimmed in silver.

He looked at the robe of the one who stood closest. Strange figures were embroidered upon it, and mysterious signs. These must be men such as his mother had told him of, Abdul thought sleepily. They must be Magi, Wise Men out of the East, who read the stars and knew the end of things from the beginning. Abdul could not keep his eyes open any longer, but their words reached him.

"He is too ill to be moved," a calm voice said.

"But, Melchanor, we haven't time to tarry here; we must take him. We will sling a hammock from the camel's side and carry him there until we meet some of his own people."

"No, he must have rest. He is too ill to travel," said the same still voice again.

"But he will die anyway!" Voices speaking together now. "He is burning with fever."

"Then I must take care of him." Abdul tried to see the man they called Melchanor, but there seemed to be a mist before his eyes.

"If you linger," someone said, "then we will have to go on. We must follow the Star; we can not stop to nurse a waif in the desert. If you remain, Melchanor, you will not see the King!"

"I shall remain."

"Look, we will erect a tent to shelter the boy. His people wander over the desert. Some of them will find him. We will leave food and water at his hand. Come, Melchanor."

"The lad needs more than shelter," the warm voice spoke once more. "I must stay and care for him."

"But the Star, the King, the gifts you are taking to Him?"

"You must give them. I must take care of the boy."

Abdul knew that the others were going. He tried to reach up, to touch the hem of the robe of Melchanor, but his weak hand dropped to the sand again.

After awhile the cold of the night gave way to the warmth of the sun, but it no longer beat down upon him, and Abdul knew that he lay within a tent. He knew dimly that someone sat by his side and held the water bottle to his lips, and stroked his head with firm fingers when he tossed about in fever.

Abdul did not always know it was the Wise Man, Melchanor. For Melchanor seemed many people. Sometimes he seemed to be Abdul's father who was dead, and sometimes Ben Isdra for whom the boy worked. Sometimes it seemed Abdul's mother who sat there. And sometimes it was day, and then it was night,

and when night came, the Star shone in through the tent flap. Every night it shone more and more brightly.

Then there came a night when everything was suddenly crystal clear. Abdul, lying near the tent's opening, saw the man who had cared for him. Melchanor stood outside, studying the sky. The boy tried to speak.

Melchanor heard and turned and came to him. As the old man knelt to give him water, Abdul saw a shadow fall across the tent opening. Suddenly a boy, but little older than Abdul himself, stood there. He was as fair as though he had not been touched by the sun. His hair fell to his shoulders, and his white tunic had no dust of the desert upon it, although he must have come a long way to come to this place. He entered the tent and sat upon the pallet beside Abdul.

Although he had not raised his head for many days, Abdul sat up. With the young stranger beside him, he felt well again. For the first time he really saw the tent. He saw the strange boy look into Melchanor's face and smile, and Abdul caught his breath at the wonder of his smile.

Then the boy's gaze rested upon him, and Abdul found himself speaking. He told of the thieves, the camel, and the silver bell.

"It was a beautiful bell," he told the other, "and it had a lovely note. Out here where the caravans travel, there are so few sweet sounds, no birds to sing, no tinkling of water brooks—" Abdul looked for understanding. "I wanted to make music in the desert," he finished.

The young stranger nodded. "I can understand that," he said. He touched Abdul's hand and pointed through the opening of the tent, where the Star made the night whitely beautiful. "The clear ringing of a bell," he said softly, "through all the deserts of the world."

"Who are you?" Melchanor's words dropped into the stillness.

The boy did not answer. Abdul looked from him to Melchanor. The Wise Man was look-

ing at the strange lad, and as he looked, two silver tears slipped from his eyes and rolled down upon his beard. Then he did a strange thing. He took a golden jar from the folds of his mantle and shook its contents upon the charcoal that burned in the fire pot. A spurt of blue flame arose, and the fragrance of incense filled the tent.

Abdul's eyelids drooped. He rubbed them open to look again at the sharp bright stars twinkling and at the one great Star shining white and still. The chill night breeze mingled with the incense of Melchanor, and Abdul drew his robe beneath his chin and slept.

It was dawn when he awoke. He was weak no longer. He ran out into the sunlit morning, but the boy was nowhere in sight. Melchanor stood looking at another camel that stood beside his own.

"It is the Son of Darkness!" Abdul cried.

The camel raised its head. At the movement the bell about its neck rang a clear note. "It is the bell! My bell!" Abdul cried. "Look, the same silver scroll about the edge! The boy—did he bring the camel?"

Melchanor did not answer. He stood looking into the East where the rising day was a fire of gold. Abdul's throat suddenly ached with regret for the old man who had given up seeing a King to care for a lost boy. He went to the other's side.

"I am sorry," he said softly. "Because you stayed to care for me, you have not seen the King."

But Melchanor's face glowed as though all the glory of the sunrise were upon it. Comforted, Abdul lifted the camel bell once more. "Ah, Melchanor, hear," he said as the sweet note sounded. "It is a high true note to make music in the desert."

But the Wise Man was not looking at the bell, nor at Abdul, but into the brightening dawn. "A high true note," he repeated softly. "Yes, it will make music. Through all the deserts of the world."



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American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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National Officers of the American Red Cross

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Thank You, America

HARDLY a day passes that National Headquarters does not receive letters of thanks from children in England for Christmas boxes, for help made possible through the National Children's Fund, for clothing made in home arts classes by American children. One ten-year-old girl living in Somerset, England, wrote:

"Thank you very much for your lovely presents. It was a pleasant surprise to find so many nice things in my parcel. I have worn the mittens and they are very nice and warm. I have made the doll a cloak and hood. The hair glide I will wear on Sunday.

"I used to go to a very large school where there were ever so many children. When the war started, I was evacuated to the country. At first it was very strange.

"I do not know if the subject of war interests you at all, but I wish to tell you how thankful we in England are to you over in America. You have not only given some English children homes and clothes, but you have lent us money and made us and are still helping us to make weapons to end this war. All this shows that you think as much about us as we think about you.

"It is strange how this war is drawing nations together who never thought of doing so before. It will be a joyous day when all nations unite together, rejoicing that peace has at last been restored."

The Liberty Bell

THE BELL that rang out the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 was ordered from London twenty-five years before for the new State House of Pennsylvania. Under the inscription, "By Order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in Philadelphia," were these words: "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land, Unto all the Inhabitants Thereof. Leviticus XXV. 10"

Soon after it came to this country, it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper. So it was recast in the original shape and with the same inscription. The day the Stamp Act went into operation, the bell tolled all day. After the fifty-six patriots met for the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the streets outside the hall were crowded as people waited breathlessly for what would happen. The bell ringer was at his post ready to sound the news the moment he heard it. Then he swung the clapper to and fro, and all the bells in the city took up the peal.

After the defeat at Brandywine, it was thought that the Liberty Bell might be seized by the British, so it was taken down, loaded into a wagon and moved away in the darkness of night. The bell was taken to Allentown and buried under the stone floor of the church there.

After the danger was over, it was taken back to Philadelphia where it rang to welcome Lafayette when he came to visit the young United States of America in 1784. It tolled for his death in 1834. It also tolled when Washington died, and when Jefferson and Adams died on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

School of the Air of the Americas

THE Columbia Broadcasting System's School of the Air of the Americas, which is on the air five days every week, has specially interesting musical programs on the Tuesdays in December. You will hear songs from Brazil, Canada, Mexico, Argentina, and Uruguay, as well as well-loved songs of the United States.

Be sure you don't miss the program for Wednesday, December 3, which will be about the great South American liberator, Simon Bolívar. The December 4 program in the series of Tales from Far and Near will give the story of San Martín.



Tales for Christmas



Kersti and Saint Nicholas

HILDA VAN STOCKUM

Viking Press, New York: \$2.00

HERE IS A STORY about a not-so-good little Dutch girl and her adventures. Kersti was the youngest of the seven daughters belonging to Father and Mother Van Disselen. They all lived on a farm just outside a small town in Holland. When Kersti came, her family was at first disappointed that she was not a boy, but soon everyone came to love the newest little girl. In fact, she was quickly spoiled with all the attention given her.

As she grew up Kersti behaved less and less as a nice little Dutch girl should, and she had to be scolded frequently. You must read the book to find out what happens when Kersti steps into a neighbor's washtub and goes sailing down a Dutch canal; how Kersti tries to keep Saint Nicholas away because she has been a naughty girl and he will not be pleased with her; what happens to the Van Disselen Christmas goodies; and what happens when Kersti meets Saint Nicholas face to face! The author's illustrations are in lovely colors.



Tumbledown Dick

HOWARD SPRING

Viking Press, New York: \$2.00

TUMBLEDOWN DICK is an English boy, so nicknamed because he is always falling down and barking his shins. Yet whenever he trips or stumbles, something exciting happens.

His adventures begin when he tumbles out of bed at three o'clock one morning to accompany his father for the first time to Manchester Market to sell the vegetables from their garden. In Manchester, Dick comes to know Alf Eckersley, George the Gent, Last Chance, and all the other strange persons in the story. You will laugh at the tricks of Dick's Uncle

Oswald, who is a vaudeville conjurer. A particularly funny bit comes when Dick assists in a stage appearance with Uncle Oswald, and true to his name, tumbles in the middle of the show, to give a surprise ending. Another amusing part tells about Uncle Henry and his pet shop, where goldfish are treated like human beings.

Then there is the chapter where Dick makes friends with a "fubsy little woman" who happens to be the Lady Mayoress of Manchester! Dick has a grand Christmas, with a hilarious expedition to sing Christmas carols with his Uncle Oswald and his Uncle Henry, followed by a big New Year's Eve.

Steven Spurrier's drawings seem perfect with this story of a boy who tumbles into fun.

All Through the Night

RACHEL FIELD

Macmillan Company, New York: 50c

IF YOU LIKE little books, you will want to own this tiny one which tells the story of the Christ Child's birth in a new way.

One night in an inn yard stable not far from Bethlehem, all the animals were talking quietly after a busy day. The dog had barked and barked at the travelers on the road. Those who stopped at the crowded inn tossed him many bits of food, and he was now ready to stretch sleepily in his corner. The oxen, the ass, the old ewe, the hens, and the doves in the rafters were all tired too. In a short time only the cock was talking, for he noticed a brilliant star lighting the sky.

"I never saw a star look so large or so near," he said.

You can guess the next part of the story, when Joseph and his wife came to the inn, found it filled, and had to sleep in the stable with the animals. But you will not know just what the animals thought when a baby was born, nor just what the dog decided to do, until you read this little book.

—Aline Harwood Wharton



COURTESY OF THE WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL AND SENTINEL

Let's Make a Christmas Putz

NETTIE ALLEN THOMAS

COME, SEE OUR Christmas Putz!" This is the familiar invitation of boys and girls in the old, Moravian part of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, during the Christmas holidays.

They have a tree, too, but the Christmas tree is not nearly so important in Old Salem as what's under it—the Christmas Putz. You pronounce it to rhyme with *foot's*, and you begin talking about it early in December.

"I saw some beautiful green moss in the woods the other day."

"Let's have a snow scene in the Putz this year, with a lake frozen over and people skating on it."

"The little Baby Jesus needs fresh cloth wrappings . . . and couldn't we repaint the Wise Men?"

Then, the day that school's out for the holidays, the Christmas tree goes up in the hall or living room or playroom, and the building of the Putz becomes a serious matter for the boys and girls.

One tree or several small ones of fragrant Carolina cedar form the background, and may be gaily decorated with lights and ornaments, or left as a sort of green wall. Around the base of the tree, on the floor or on a low platform, the many small scenes that make the Putz, take shape. Usually the children select a favorite picture as a guide, one from a Bible story book or a church school folder. Following it, they build the cave-stable of Bethlehem, arrange the shepherds "keeping watch over their flocks by night," silhouette the domes and flat-topped houses of Bethlehem in the distance, and, far away, make a desert scene, with the Wise Men and the camels.

"We have to put the Wise Men 'way back here," says an older sister, "because they didn't really get to Bethlehem the night Jesus was born."

Then the smallest member of the family wants to know why the little Baby Jesus is placed in a box filled with straw.

"There was no room for Mary and Joseph at the hotel," bigger brother explains, "so the hotel man said they could use his stable if they wanted to. There was lots of clean straw there, and it was warmer in the stable than outside."

Big sister sings a bit of the old Moravian Christmas carol that all children love:

"Softly the night was sleeping
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
Silent, the shepherds watching;
The gentle flocks were still. . . ."

The Putz grows until the whole story of Christmas spreads in miniature around the base of the tree. Father and Mother lend a hand with the heavy part, admire and answer questions, but the Putz really belongs to the children.

Along with the Nativity scene there are often other features.

"Let's make Grandpa's house in the country, the way it was last summer, with old Nanny in the pasture—and the stream where we went fishing, and Grandma's chickens and ducks."

Or, "Why not use Johnny's electric train this year, and go across the mountains and through a tunnel?"

Or, "We could have boys and girls dressed in old-fashioned costumes of the Old South."

The boys and girls in Old Salem, who love the Christmas Putz because it belongs so intimately to the familiar observance of the Christmas season, seldom realize that with them, as with generations of children, the Putz is fulfilling an important purpose—helping them understand and appreciate the Christmas Story.

There's a story behind the Christmas Putz, going deep into the Middle Ages. For hundreds of years after Jesus' death, Christians could visit the places in Palestine whenever they wanted to. But when the fierce Seljuk Turks conquered Palestine, they not only forbade Christians to visit Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Nazareth, but did cruel things to those whom they found there.

"It isn't right to keep Christians from visiting the land where Jesus lived," men began saying throughout Europe. This was long before Columbus discovered America, some four hundred years before.

"We will take Palestine away from these Turks," said some of the Christian rulers in Europe.

So the Crusades began, and after long years of fighting the gates of Jerusalem were opened again to Christians.

When the Crusaders began coming home from the Holy Land, their families and neighbors were eager to know "how everything looked there," and since cameras hadn't been invented, and there were no picture postcards, the easiest way to show the people was to build miniature reproductions of places with religious associations.

Good St. Francis of Assisi is believed to be the first person to put the figures of the Holy Family into the miniature New Testament setting. He was a kind man who had given up his wealth to be a monk, and who spent his life teaching and helping the poor.

The peasants among whom he worked in Grecio, Italy, loved the stories St. Francis told of the little Baby Jesus, the kind and beautiful Mother Mary, and the ever-watchful Joseph.

As Christmas drew near one year, St. Francis had the idea of making a Nativity scene. When it was finished, he invited the people to come and see it, and as they came, he stood in front, describing the characters and making the Christmas Story very real. After that, he had to do the same thing every year.

Monks traveling through Italy spread the story of St. Francis and his Nativity scene, so that, in time, the coming of Christmas meant

the building of a Nativity scene in many a church and village.

At first, the figures were nearly life-size, but these were hard to keep, and took up too much room. Gradually they came to be no larger than a small doll. The monks would make them of wood or plaster, and the nuns would dress them, using the finest silks, bits of gold and even precious stones. Of course, Mary and Joseph had been poor, but those who made and dressed the little figures loved the New Testament persons so much that they thought nothing could be too fine for the dolls that represented them, even if the clothes were not appropriate.

The Moravians brought the custom of making the Christmas Putz from the Old Country to Salem which they founded in 1766. The Winston part of the Winston-Salem came much later. They also brought the same custom to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and other cities where they settled. These Moravians are everyday Christian people who have been away from their European homelands even longer than most Americans, but they have never quite forgotten some of the Old World customs they brought with them.

At Christmastime every year in many American families with Moravian ancestors, the children will make their Putz, depicting not only the familiar Nativity scene, but others that are dear to them—farms with running millwheels, houses lighted with tiny bulbs, a Swiss mountainside with a hand-carved chalet perched on it, Alaskan kayaks and native dolls dressed in fur (sent by Moravian missionaries at the Bethel orphanage in Alaska), or other scenes from the past or present.

As the children show visitors the elaborate arrangement, spread over half a room, they'll serve "Christmas cakes." These are crisp, brown wafers, almost as thin as wrapping paper. Probably it is because in pioneer days goodies belonged to holiday seasons only, that these little cakes make their appearance only at Christmas.

Between bites, the children will tell the familiar Christmas Story in their own way, as if the visitors who listen so attentively had never heard it before.

When Christmas is over, all the figures from the Putz are carefully wrapped and packed away until next year. They aren't toys to be played with, but small actors in an important annual drama that takes place under the Christmas tree.

Christmas at the Neighbors

DELIA GOETZ

WHEN I was a little girl it would have been hard for me to imagine a Christmas without ice and snow. Now and then when Christmas drew near and the ground was bare, I was really worried. How could Santa Claus make the trip in his sleigh, I wondered. Even after I no longer looked forward to a visit from Santa Claus I still associated Christmas with snow, or at least with cold weather.

So preparations for my first Christmas in Panama seemed very unreal. Just as here at home, shop windows began to fill with toys and tinsel and Christmas decorations early in December. But the parks near by were fragrant with roses and lilies and hibiscus. And the long fronds of palm and banana trees swayed lazily in the warm sunshine. Only the bright splashes of poinsettia growing everywhere gave a look of Christmas.

But on the day before Christmas in schools, churches and in homes, old and young began to set up the *pesebres* (pay-say-brays). These are like our cribs or crèches which show the scene in the stable at Bethlehem. The Panamanians arrange them the same as we do except that they do not put in all of the figures complete, but add them to follow the story. For instance, when they first put up the *pesebre* on Christmas Eve, the Christ Child is not included. That would be getting ahead of the story. He is placed in the manger at midnight, the time of His birth on the first Christmas. Likewise, the Three Kings are placed at some distance from the *pesebre*. For, you remember, they were not at Bethlehem when Christ was born, but saw the Star from afar. Each day they are moved a little nearer to show that they are traveling toward Bethlehem. Nearer and nearer they come, until on the morning of January sixth (Three Kings Day) they too are placed near the Christ Child.

After the *pesebre* is all arranged on the day before Christmas, the children begin to prepare for the children's dance that is held in the afternoon from four to six. Some are held in private homes and others at the clubs. But wherever it is, they have a merry time whirling, gliding and going through all of the

fancy steps they know. Then, after the big Christmas dinner that night, it's off to bed for them while their parents go to the big ball which is always a gay affair. Christmas Day both children and parents usually spend in calling on friends or receiving calls.

If you should drop down even farther south to Buenos Aires, you would be far from the equator and in a country where there is cold weather part of the year, but not at Christmas. Seasons are reversed south of the equator, and Christmas in Argentina comes only four days after the first day of summer, December 21. But hot weather doesn't spoil any of the Christmas spirit.

About a week or ten days before Christmas, the children compose letters to the Christ Child. These they tuck under their pillows at night, and without fail they are gone in the morning. Then begins the anxious wait until Christmas to see if the Christ Child will really bring the gifts asked for in the letter. On Christmas Eve the mothers in Argentina have the easiest time of the year in getting their children to bed. For the sooner to bed the sooner they will be asleep, and when they awaken they will know the answer to their letters. But before being tucked away for the night, they are careful to place their shoes outside the bedroom door. From experience they know that that is where their presents will be in the morning. And, like children the world over, they are awake before dawn on Christmas morning and slip out of bed to explore for presents.

One of the fine things about Christmas in Buenos Aires is that the city as a whole does a great deal for the poor who otherwise might not have Christmas. Christmas trees decorated much like our own are placed in parks, orphanages and welfare centers. On them are presents of food and clothing and toys. At the *Casa de Empleados* (Employment Center) presents to help people in their work are often given. There may be a sewing machine for the seamstress who has none; fountain pens and notebooks for poor students, perhaps even a typewriter. These gifts may not be new or the latest streamlined models, but they are

usable and welcome. That they may always remember to share their Christmas with others who have less, even very young children take gifts to these community Christmas trees for the poor.

Famous for its Christmas festivities is the little town of Andacollo in northern Chile, in a region long famous for its gold. For almost four hundred years the people for miles around have flocked there each December for the annual pilgrimage to the *Virgen del Rosario*. The festivities date back to the day when, according to the legend, a poor woodcutter named Collo was out in the woods. The Virgin appeared to him and said, "Go, Collo, and explore the hills, for wealth and happiness await you. Search." Collo did as he was told, but he did not know for what he was supposed to be looking. Day after day he dug in the earth. Then one day his hatchet struck something and when he dug down he found a statue of the Virgin. It was about three feet high and in her left hand she held the Baby Jesus. Collo made an altar in his hut and placed the statue on it and he and his neighbors began special devotions to the Virgin.

The story tells us that, not long after finding the statue, Collo discovered a great deal of gold, and many miracles were performed for him and his friends. Finally, a church was erected for the Virgin and her statue was placed there. There it has stayed ever since. And it is there that rich and poor, old and young gather each year for the Christmas celebration. On December twenty-third groups of dancers dance at the foot of the statue and tell the Virgin what has happened during the year. Early on Christmas morning the statue is taken from its place and carried in procession to the new church which was built by the many gifts given to the Virgin. And for this procession the Virgin is dressed in one of the loveliest dresses of the many that have been given to her, and both she and the Baby Jesus wear golden crowns.

It is on December twenty-sixth, however, that the real festivities begin, and the town is packed to overflowing with the thousands of people who have come to take part. Some walk barefoot many miles to attend the celebration. Many sleep on the ground during their stay. The colorful costumes of the dancers make a bright spot in the church during the morning services that day. When the service is over, the Virgin is brought to the door of the church, and group after group dance before her, while a special spokesman



PHOTOGRAPHS: SEVERIN FROM THREE LIONS

With a doll in a crib to represent the baby Jesus, these Peruvian Indians of the Yucay Valley accompany their carols on an unusual-looking harp



Above, musicians at Christmas in a Guatemalan marketplace; the toy horse is for sale. Below, Peruvian chief and wife in their Christmas best



chants their petitions to her. Some of the groups dance in little strutting steps with now and then a leap into the air, not unlike the rhea birds of Patagonia. Throbbing drums, clashing cymbals and triangles, sometimes the deep tones of an accordion and the plaintive notes of pipes furnish the music for these dances.

Then, as twilight draws near, preparations are made to carry the Virgin back to her usual place to remain for another year. And those who have come to pay her homage also turn homeward.

If you were spending Christmas in Guatemala, you would have to wait until Three Kings' Day to receive your presents. There would be *nacimientos* (na-see-mee-en'-toes), which are the same as the crèche, in the homes and churches. And on Christmas Day you would have all sorts of good things to eat. Then when dinner was over you would probably go calling on your friends and eat some more. And at night there would be fireworks.

But on the evening before Three Kings' Day you and your parents would be sure to go downtown. All of the shops would be open and from each would come the sounds of horns, music boxes and drums, as children tried out the toys. Around the park and outside the great central market, women would be sitting by charcoal fires cooking tortillas and beans and many other kinds of food.

Others would be selling little cakes and brightly painted wooden boxes full of candy and little mounds of freshly roasted peanuts. But what you might like best of all would be the tiny little figures of men, women, and children which the Indians make and bring to the Christmas. The figures may not be more than an inch high, but they look exactly like the real people in the market. The figurines of the women have tiny baskets perched on their heads and they are filled with navy beans for eggs. Those of the men bend low under great loads of wood and pottery pots. Then there will be hundreds of tiny animal families made of pottery and painted to look like real animals. There will be a mother pig with a family of baby pigs, each complete to the curl in the tail. Families of turtles, dogs, squirrels and wise-looking owls, their faces almost taken up with their big eyes, are also there.

Next morning you might find many of the toys you saw in the shops and market, spilling out of your shoes beside your bed.

But it isn't warm at Christmas in all of the countries of Latin America. You might freeze toes and fingers if you spent Christmas on top of some of their high mountains. And you could spend the day skiing on some of the mountains of Bolivia and Chile. But whether cold or hot, you would enjoy Christmas at the Neighbors.

Polly Jefferson in Paris

(Continued from page 93)

of the American Embassy, her duties kept her very busy, for not only did Jefferson entertain other ambassadors, French statesmen, and many famous European scientists, but also every American who came to Paris paid his respects to the Ambassador and expected to be invited to dinner.

After Polly had spent two years in France and had learned to speak French perfectly, the family sailed home. In the borrowed carriage of friends, they arrived at Monticello, the family plantation on a mountain near Charlottesville, Virginia, two days before Christmas. The family servants ran pell mell down the mountain, crowded around the carriage, and in their delight almost drew it up the mountain, shouting all the way. When the carriage door opened, all the family were carried inside by the house servants. Savory smells immediately began to come up from

the basement kitchens as preparations for the holiday feast were begun, for at last the Jeffersons were to spend Christmas in their own home and in their own country.

Though they did not know it when they left France, the Jeffersons were never to return there, for soon after their arrival home President Washington appointed Mr. Jefferson his Secretary of State. And Martha, too, had not been home many months when she married Thomas Randolph. Polly divided her time between staying with the Randolphs and with the Eppes family until Mr. Jefferson brought her to Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, to attend a school there.

Only one thing more needs to be told. Jack Eppes was also studying in Philadelphia, under Mr. Jefferson's guidance. And eight years after Polly came home from France, she and Jack were married and went to live in her beloved Eppington.



This picture from a school correspondence album shows the 5A group of Forest Park School, Fort Wayne, Indiana, making a study of Peru



Christmas boxes delighted these Chinese girls. For other J. R. C. Christmas pictures, turn the page

News Parade

WHEN mothers and fathers, boys and girls, went shopping in one of Seattle's largest department stores, they found a huge Christmas tree, topped with a shining silver star, and decked out with hundreds upon hundreds of gay, original Christmas tree ornaments. It was the Junior Red Cross Christmas tree, and it was making lots of money for the National Children's Fund.

For weeks before Christmas, art classes in the Seattle, Washington, schools busied themselves making all kinds of Christmas tree ornaments. There were clusters of bells, shining stars, snowy angels, dainty madonnas, miniature trees, glittering balls, fat Santas, chains in brilliant colors: more than two thousand altogether.

When the trimmings were ready, letters were sent out to many organizations and individuals, inviting them to attend the dedication of the tree, when there was a program of Christmas carols, and a brief story of what the Junior Red Cross is doing for children in the war zones.

First the ornaments were sold from tiny flower carts for five and ten cents apiece, and the buyers, instead of taking the decorations home, hung them on the tree. But on Christmas Eve, the trimmings were sold again, and this time the purchasers could take them home. Altogether, \$179.17 was raised for the National Children's Fund.

AT THE STATE Junior Red Cross Conference held in Richmond, Indiana, a group of Grant County members presented a round table discussion on the National Children's Fund, its history, purpose, and the ways in which Junior Red Cross members have raised money for the Fund.

TUCKED in with many of the garments made for boys and girls abroad are pocket toys—small, soft and flat. In Omaha, Nebraska, members made clever stuffed animals and dolls, lapel gadgets of yarn. One school bought handkerchiefs and folded them with a pin in the corner to be placed in pockets of dresses. In Norwalk, Connecticut, the "surprises" or pocket toys for Toddler Packs (complete outfits for the very youngest children) are sponsored by the boys. Everything is made from scraps, and, if there is any cost, a cake sale is held to pay expenses.

WHEN 250,000 refugees fled from Alexandria in Egypt, the American Red Cross told its representatives at Cairo to release from A. R. C. stocks 30,000 bags of flour, 1,000 cases of milk, and other large quantities of food-stuffs. The refugees were in a sorry plight, sleeping along highways, in mosques, schools and factories. More food, as well as drugs, hospital equipment and supplies, even ambulances and trucks followed these earlier shipments and these, too, will be distributed by representatives of the American Red Cross. Many of the supplies which the A. R. C. is sending to the Middle East—Egypt, Syria, Eritrea, Abyssinia—are for refugee children, and a shipment sent the last of September



Boys in Shanghai, China, wasted no time getting a good game going with the marbles received in Christmas boxes from American J. R. C. members



Christmas menu covers for veterans in government hospitals were made by J. R. C. members of the Glenview School in Oakland, California

included 22,000 pairs of children's shoes, 60,000 children's undergarments, 500 tons of cocoa for children's day nurseries, 50,000 babies' bottles, and 150,000 nipples.

For the soldiers of Great Britain who have been wounded in service in the Middle East, the American Red Cross sent 200 radios, and 3,000 small paper-bound novels and mystery stories. The radios and books were sent on special request from the British military hospital authorities, who said that radios can not be found in the Middle East or England. Both tube and battery sets were sent.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, all the old loved ones, give double pleasure when they are sung for those who must stay indoors at the holiday season. In Columbia, Missouri, the choir of Lee School visited Noyes Hospital. A sixth-grader described the trip in the J. R. C. News Letter of Boone County: "We first sang on the first floor; then the head nurse showed us around and took us up on the second floor. There we sang again. Some of the carols we sang were 'Silent Night,' 'Away in a Manger,' 'We Three Kings,' and 'O Come All Ye Faithful.' "

And so that the men in the government hospital at Bedford, Massachusetts, could have fun with a program of songs, the J. R. C. of Mary E. Curley School in Boston, Massachusetts, printed 1,400 Christmas carols for the patients.

HENDERSON COUNTY, Texas, Junior Red Cross members have adopted men in the government hospital at El Paso. The Pantex

School had promised to make several sewing kits for the patients, and they were all completed and ready to be packed when the schoolhouse was burned to the ground. Knowing the time was short, the J. R. C. Chairman asked another group to prepare substitute kits. The Pantex Juniors didn't like that at all, and insisted that they could complete duplicate kits in plenty of time. They did, too, working in a clubhouse which was being used as a temporary schoolroom.

At Christmastime, Junior Red Cross members of Hancock County, Findlay, Ohio, remembered all the friends that they had been providing with gifts and entertainments throughout the year. For the men in the government hospital at Dayton, Ohio, they made Christmas favors in the form of little clay angels, and they sent as well 150 Christmas cards for the men to send to their families and friends. Then for children in the neighborhood they provided Christmas trees, toys and dolls, letters and cards. For people in homes for the aged and blind they arranged a program of Christmas carols. Gifts of food and tray favors were made for local institutions where the Juniors also arranged a Christmas program which included musical entertainment. For the Christmas table of the County Home, the Findlay Juniors decorated jars for candle holders; they sent candles to fit, of course. Included in gifts which went to homes for convalescents were half a dozen bowls of flowering bulbs.

ON THE TERRACE in front of the Cleveland, Ohio, Chapter House there is a lovely



J. R. C. members at Gordon Junior High, Washington, D. C., were assisted by pupils of the Fillmore School in making toys for very small children



COURTESY LA PINE STUDIO, SEATTLE

Here are two of the Seattle J. R. C. members busy making ornaments for their famous Christmas tree, described in detail on page 105

Christmas tree which Mayor Cain of Cleveland Heights presented to the Junior Red Cross a few years ago. Each year since, the J. R. C. has held a celebration around the tree a few days before Christmas, bringing their gifts for local homes and institutions, and placing them under the tree. In last year's celebration the members from Garfield and Longmead schools sang many of the favorite Christmas carols, and Doris Johnson of Parkwood School gave a talk on Junior Red Cross. Two boy refugees, one from Austria and the other from Germany, are now pupils at Parkwood School and they spoke, too. Both of these boys are doing some fine things for J. R. C. war relief.

Many Cleveland J. R. C. members planned holiday programs for groups in which they were interested. For children at the Rosemary Home, East Clark members gave a play, "Little Black Sambo," in French, and Fernway School in Shaker Heights arranged an entertainment. Juniors from the Hayes Elementary School in Lakewood took their gifts to the Walsh Home and sang carols for the old folks.

A GRAND PARTY was arranged by the Junior High School Council of Syracuse, New York, for the Sanatorium children. It was held at Roosevelt Junior High, with music by the Roosevelt band, a Nativity play by the Roosevelt Little Theater, and musical and dancing numbers by Juniors of Cherry Road, Croton, and Grant Schools. Supper was served in the cafeteria and afterwards the guests and Council members met in one of the

schoolrooms around the tree and before the fireplace where "Santa" came and brought the children just what they had asked for!

GREENBURGH Elementary School, White Plains, New York, filled six bags of red net trimmed in green wool, with dried pine cones to burn in fireplaces at St. Agnes' Hospital for Crippled Children, and the Blythdale Home.

"CAUTION at Christmas" is a heading which caught our eye in the J. R. C. News Letter published in Omaha, Nebraska. Here is what some J. R. C. members out there have to say on the subject:

"Now as Christmas approaches, the thoughts of most people turn to merrymaking, but few people think of the danger connected with it. Most accidents occur from fires, caused mostly by defective wiring and inflammable decorations. With many people doing their Christmas shopping, traffic is heavy, sidewalks are slippery, street cars and stores are crowded. Watch your step and do not push or run.

"Another thing is to wear appropriate clothes. If we want to go out sleigh riding we should dress warmly so we don't catch a cold. We should also stay at home if we have a cold, and not give it to others. Another important thing is to be very careful in decorating the Christmas tree. We should have a stepladder to reach the top of the tree, and not stand on boxes or such things. Enjoy Christmas vacation as much as you can, but be as careful as you can, too."



The Christmas Bears

A Story of Old Pennsylvania

Alice Dalgliesh

Pictures by Katherine Milhous

IT WAS CHRISTMASTIME at the Kistler farm. Outside the farmhouse a light snow lay on the ground. Inside, a huge fire burned in the kitchen fireplace. Everyone was busy.

"Mercy me," said Mother Kistler as she cut out another batch of cookies. "It will be no time now until Cousin Inez and Cousin Jacob will be here!"

"Tell about Cousin Inez and Cousin Jacob," said Johnny, looking hungrily at the cookies. They were such extra special Christmas cookies, stars and trees and lambs, horses and cows and rabbits.

"Well, it's this way," said

Mother Kistler. "No, Johnny, you can't have a cookie yet." She moved aside the pan of crisp brown ones that had just come out of the oven. "No, you must wait. It's this way. Cousin Jacob was raised around here; your Father's very own cousin he was. Then he went down South to Natchez and married a Spanish girl. That's Cousin Inez. Very stylish they say she is, and it seems we must have a stylish dinner for her."

"All nonsense, I say," grumbled Uncle Luke from his chair by the fire. "All nonsense making a fuss about foreigners. Just because a black-eyed Spanish gal from



Fitness for Service in December

"Unity through Democracy"

UNITING in efforts to promote health and safety is excellent practice in "care of each other's good"; that is, democracy. In a war emergency, we realize more keenly than ever that improved health for all is essential to national strength.

"Mutual Protection"

Experts have pointed out that most important causes of death are being brought under continually better control—except accidents. There are many opportunities for Junior Red Cross members to put their social ideals to work in helping specifically with this problem. Decrease of death and injury from accidents will depend primarily on self-controls, and the self-controls depend on social attitudes.

Questions can be used to start conversation, the conversation in turn to be focused in action:

What effect does climate have on safety?

Deaths from automobile accidents jump to the highest point in December and injuries from falls are more frequent during the weeks when days are shortest and in the northern states where darkness is longest.

When the dusk comes early, during the rush hours when traffic is heavy, neither drivers nor pedestrians can see as well. Fog and rain also make it harder to see. Rain, snow, sleet, and ice cause both cars and pedestrians to skid. Failure of property owners to remove snow and ice or to sand walks and steps increases the hazards. Carelessness of children in sliding, coasting, and skating endangers other people. Particularly during the Christmas rush, excitement may lead to nervous driving and heedless walking.

What can Junior Red Cross members do to help?

They may take particular care about crossing streets after dark and on slippery days, remembering always that a pedestrian does not have any right to endanger safety of other pedestrians or of drivers by personal carelessness. They can be careful of the way they carry umbrellas, so that they can see where they are going and avoid running into the path of others. They can help make walks and steps safer by cleaning off snow or scattering sand or ashes. They can avoid coasting except on streets or hills set apart for this sport, and can have some special place provided for the smallest children. They can take particular care in coasting, sliding, and skating not to run into others—and this applies not only to winter vehicles, but to roller skates and coaster wagons.

They can be especially thoughtful and courteous during the Christmas shopping period when streets are crowded and everyone is in a great hurry.

Accident Prevention and Health

What connection is there between accident prevention and keen eyesight, acute hearing, good bones, strong muscles, freedom from fatigue?

Doctors, nurses, and nutritionists will supply some of the answers; for instance, the importance of Vitamin A in relieving night blindness and of riboflavin (part of the Vitamin B complex) to eye health. The necessity of a well-balanced diet rich in all the vitamins as a means to general good health has been given new emphasis today. The individual who is physically and mentally alert is less likely to have acci-

dents. The British have found that proper diet for industrial workers decreases accidents.

Food for Healthy Bodies

The following outline on teaching an adequate diet is taken from the unit called "The Voyage of Growing Up," quoted in part last month.

"I. Story of skeletons seen in a museum

- A. Skeletons of different animals and of man
- B. Discoveries—Bones are the framework of the 'body ship.' Muscles help move the bones in running and playing.

"II. Foods that build strong bones and teeth

- A. Conversation—Boats must be well built in order to sail the seas safely. Everyone should know how to build a strong body ship.
- B. Picture Study—Good bone and tooth-building foods and good muscle-building foods
- C. Sunshine

1. Story about the value of sunshine

- 2. Discoveries—We need sunshine to build a strong body ship. Cod-liver oil ('bottled sunshine') helps to keep us well and strong just as real sunshine does. We need it most in winter when we do not get much sunshine.

"III. Fuel for the Ship—Food to give energy

- A. Demonstration—What makes the colored line in the thermometer go up and down?
- B. Eskimo Story—'Tano and Sipsu'
- C. Picture Study—Fuel foods

(The Maltex Cereal Company contributes charts and an excellent device for teaching the importance of a 100% breakfast every morning.)

"IV. Training the Taste

- A. Conversation—Each member of a ship's crew is trained for service. We train our taste to serve our bodies' needs.
- B. Review of foods needed
- C. Regularity in eating is desirable, because stomachs need rest and because regular habits help bodies to eliminate waste.

"V. Practicing Service—What service can we find to help others have happy voyages?

- A. Plan ways of providing at school: milk, fruit juices, or other necessary foods found lacking in children's diet.
- B. Have fruit sales at school, the funds to be used for dental corrections, working through the Red Cross Chapter.
- C. Plan and serve a meal in Grange Hall, with help of mothers, the proceeds to be used to send boxes of apples where needed, working through Red Cross Chapter. Wrap apples in white tissue paper, except five in center arranged to form a Red Cross. Send some of the proceeds to the National Children's Fund, to help meet needs of children.
- D. Make gifts for children in a hospital or a home.

—*Verna McLaughlin, Brownville, Maine*

References:

"Twenty Questions and Answers," a folder on enriched bread and flour distributed by Nutrition Division, Office of Defense, Health and Welfare Service, Washington, D. C.

"Feeding our Teeth," by Mary S. Rose and Bertlyn Bosley, Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City, 25c.

Developing Calendar Activities for December

"Unity through Democracy"

SCHOOL LIFE gives daily opportunity to build the enduring unity that comes only through democracy and tolerance. The conversation topic suggested under "Serving Children Abroad" may be useful in setting an aim for emphasis this month.

"How Good Is Good Enough?"

Questions suggested under "Serving the Community" emphasize again important principles on which the Junior Red Cross program is based.

1. A real need rather than a "made up" need
2. Service that is constructive, not harmful to the recipient, both as to the kind and the manner of performance
3. Service as a motive in everyday business, which for Junior Red Cross members is carried on in school, rather than as decorative extra-curricular activity to fill in spare moments when there is nothing else to do
4. Standards constantly improving out of respect for those served—fellow citizens for whom only the best workmanship is good enough

Gifts That Are Suitable

The service to schools for the blind has been given thoughtful direction from the beginning, educators of blind children have been generous with suggestions and advice, and teachers in many schools have led the Junior Red Cross members into understanding of the specialized needs of the blind.

Similarly, understanding has been growing about the specialized needs of groups that Junior Red Cross members serve locally. In serving crippled or other hospitalized children, there is opportunity for Social Studies education. Members can hunt answers to some of these questions:

What provisions have the city or the state made to equalize educational opportunities for crippled children—transportation to school, special classes, clinics? Is there federal help through Social Security provisions? Are there private enterprises in behalf of physically handicapped children? Is there preventive education? What scientific advances have been made in treatment and cure?

With, Not For

Teachers and recreation directors of such groups will advise about the type of gifts, the working materials, and the recreational opportunities that Junior Red Cross members may help provide. The following suggestions were made by a Red Cross "Gray Lady," for many years a volunteer recreation leader in the Children's Hospital in Washington, D. C.:

"It has been our habit to think of hospitals in terms of wards, doctors, nurses, and to forget that each children's hospital now has many important departments of rehabilitation outside the wards for sick children. The orthopedic ward overflows with sick patients and has use for many kinds of materials. For recreational and occupational therapy, workers are especially grateful for simple materials. The recreation worker studies the physician's diagnosis of each case and chooses the occupation suitable to each child's need. Because many children are from homes operating on a very limited budget, she is anxious to interest them in realizing the beauty and the value of inexpensive materials near at hand, the use of which

will help in a long fight for health, not only in the ward, the clinic, and the occupational therapy room, but at home. For example, basketry from raffia and reed is too expensive, but strips of crepe paper, twisted and shellacked is cheap and durable.

"In connection with Junior Red Cross service the Council might build a file of working suggestions and samples. This will be helpful to the Manual Arts groups in different schools.

"Materials should be reasonably strong. If a class makes boxes for sweets, do not make them of paper, but use custom-made strong boxes with covers to fit and decorate them to add the individual touch.

"If you must make scrapbooks, organize them about some one interesting subject such as children, the family, birds, butterflies, animals, transportation, flowers, trees, fruits.

[There is often an outlet for books of this type, if the pictures are mounted on fairly strong backing, in local clinics where little children are brought. If enough such booklets are provided, the babies and children can take their books home. R. E. H.]

"A scrapbook of pressed leaves or flowers, unnamed, is interesting, the game being for the sick child to hunt out the names of the trees or flowers, the uses of the wood, where the trees or flowers grow best, etc.

"Children enjoy pillows that are shaped like animals and stuffed flat and soft.

"Local merchants will often contribute sample books of colored oilcloth that can be made into beanbags. For some of them, make removable, washable covers, because the oilcloth is too slippery for some crippled fingers.

"Balls can be made from damp paper towels wound with adhesive tape or pasted crepe paper. A length of rubber cord under the adhesive makes a fine return bouncing ball. With each box of such balls send a box of bright stickers or small cut-out pictures and a tube of paste. The hospitalized children will decorate the balls with these and will love it.

"Interesting looms can be made from paper plates. The warp is made by colored twine criss-crossed over the front of the plate. [See illustrations.] The weaving is done starting from the center and working out. Two plate looms are necessary for a purse. A small space is left at one side of each plate, instead of weaving all the way around, as for a mat. After each side is done, the plate is torn off and the two sides are overhand stitched together into the bag, and a chain-stitch handle is crocheted, or one is made with a spool loom. For a mat, only one plate is necessary. Hospitalized children will greatly enjoy having a number of these looms set up for them with the weaving started and a supply of extra plates and material so that the activity can be continued.

"Pieces of gold and silver paper, or bright colored paper, can be sent with blunt scissors for the crippled children to cut and paste into paper chains. DO NOT SEND OLD CHRISTMAS CARDS TO HOSPITALS. THEY HAVE MORE THAN THEY CAN POSSIBLY USE.

(Continued on page three)

School Correspondence in the United States

The Receiving End

WHEN WE TALK or correspond with relatives or old friends, there are many things we do not need to say; because of a common background we skip many taken-for-granted things and get on with topics more important for us. A class meets a somewhat similar situation in planning school correspondence with another Junior Red Cross group in our own country. For example, if a class were describing Glacier National Park for a school in another country, it might be necessary to explain that Glacier is only one of many national parks, set aside because of their unusual scenery, and preserved for the enjoyment of all. Otherwise the recipients might conclude that glaciers were a common part of our landscape. In writing to a school in the United States, however, this understanding could be taken for granted.

The first step in planning an album is to think about the school on the receiving end. The choice of topic differs for children of South America from the choice for children of Australia or South Africa. Within the United States it might be different for an album addressed to a school in the same state from the topic for a school in a distant section of the country. If there were no difference in topics, still the letters, the illustrations, all the material accepted by the class for inclusion would be selected with an eye to its interest and value at the receiving end.

Interpreting the Great Lakes

In the Junior Red Cross course of the Western Reserve University Summer School, 1941, an outline was worked out to show the way that Junior Red Cross School Correspondence could be used in Cleveland, Ohio, in developing a unit about the Great Lakes. Many of the suggestions can be adapted to schools in other localities.

Aims:

1. Through preparing an album for children in another section of the Great Lakes States, to motivate the learning situation
2. To extend the pupils' understanding of our country
 - a. To make a contact with another Junior Red Cross school group
 - b. To bring to the children of one section of our Great Lakes an appreciation of the cultural pattern in which the children of another section live
3. To increase understanding of our own environment
 - a. Appreciation of the great bodies of water that make up our Great Lakes system
 - b. Understanding of relationship between raw materials surrounding the Upper Lakes and the manufactures of the Lower Lakes
4. To develop skills and ability
 - a. Ability in thoughtful planning
 - b. Skills in language and manual art
 - c. Creative expression

Approach:

1. Conversation about the occupations of the fathers of class members
2. Discussion of raw materials involved in these occupations
3. Discovery that in most cases their fathers' work depends on iron ore
4. A visit to Terminal Tower to locate ore docks and a visit to a freighter, as the father of one of our class members has invited us to visit at the end of the season

"Planning the Album:

1. Letter telling reason for album
2. Pages of industrial buildings in Cleveland
3. Pictures of manufactured products made in Cleveland
4. Pictures of boats that bring the raw material here
 - a. Freighter
 - b. Self-unloader
5. Pictures and a letter about early boats
6. Maps and information concerning lakes
7. Pictures of funnels that tell to which fleet the boats belong
8. Making a time-line
9. A closing letter suggesting some of the facts we should like to know
10. A game of the Great Lakes

"Organization for Work:

1. Let children choose two of their number to write the letter of introduction, two for the second letter, and two for the closing letter
2. Appoint committees to find pictures and information
 - a. Industries that children have visited in Cleveland
 - b. Cleveland-made products
 - c. Boats that bring raw material to Cleveland: freighter, self-unloader
 - d. Early boats
 - e. Maps and information concerning Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, Lake Superior
 - f. Funnels of different lines to be made of construction paper
- g. Gathering and organizing facts for time-line
3. Club members will each make a Lake game and then we'll choose the best to accompany our album

"Satisfaction:

1. Completion of the album—the feeling of well-being that comes when we have done our best to please others
2. Added skills in cutting, mounting, and assembling
3. Added practice in letter writing
4. Much added historical and geographical information
5. Anticipation of reply telling us about another section

"Bibliography:

The Americas—Atwood & Thomas, Pamphlets from Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, Lore of the Lakes—Bowen, Life, Great Lakes News"
—A. Winifred Elliott, Social Studies Teacher, Doan Elementary School, Cleveland, Ohio.

Developing Calendar Activities for December

(Continued from page two)

A Bird's Christmas Tree

"Do not miss having a bird's Christmas tree outside the windows of your nearest children's hospital. String unsalted pop-corn seeds, squares of bread, apple, wide mesh small bags of suet and nuts. Little bells covered in hard syrup on which chick food is sprinkled, any other kind of food that birds enjoy and chick food and sunflower seeds sprinkled underneath the tree will draw a larger party of birds. It will be hard to tell whether the birds or the hospitalized children enjoy the party more." —Minna Brann

Such suggestions can be checked with the recreation directors of the local hospitals or clinics your own pupils are serving. Some of the ideas may be useful this Christmas in connection with the "Absentee Host Party" suggested in the *Calendar*.

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The December News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

The "Sampler for Christmas" was embroidered by the artist and photographed for the cover. The illustrations for Miss Upjohn's "The Shalako" are by an Indian artist, Gerald Nailor. Primary Grade pupils may enjoy coloring the pictures for "Polly Jefferson in Paris."

Citizenship:

"News Parade"

Composition:

The story about "Polly Jefferson in Paris" will make practice in letter writing more interesting.

Geography:

China, Egypt—"News Parade"

England—"Thank You, America" (editorials), "Tumbledown Dick" ("Tales for Christmas"), "News Parade"

France—"Polly Jefferson in Paris," "Pat-a-Pan"

Holland—"Kersti and Saint Nicholas" ("Tales for Christmas")

Latin America (Buenos Aires, Chile, Guatemala, Panama)—"Christmas at the Neighbors"

Palestine—"Music in the Desert"

United States of America—"The Shalako" (Indian), "Polly Jefferson in Paris," "The Liberty Bell," "Let's Make a Christmas Putz," "News Parade," "The Christmas Bears"

History:

"Polly Jefferson in Paris," "The Liberty Bell"

Manual Arts:

"Sampler for Christmas," "Let's Make a Christmas Putz," "News Parade," "Quilt" (back cover)

Music:

"Music in the Desert," "News Parade," "Pat-a-Pan." "Hayden Makes a Shepherd's Pipe" is interesting in connection with folk music programs of the Columbia Broadcasting System's School of the Air of the Americas.

Primary Grades:

"Great-Great-Grandmother," "The Christmas Bears," "Pat-a-Pan," "Polly Jefferson in Paris"

Safety:

"News Parade"

Units:

Christmas Holidays—"The Shalako," "Polly Jefferson in Paris," "Christmas at the Neighbors," "Thank You, America," "Tales for Christmas," "Let's Make a Christmas Putz," "News Parade," "Pat-a-Pan"

Community Life—"The Shalako," "Christmas at the Neighbors"

Conservation of Life—"News Parade"

Home Life—"The Shalako," "Christmas at the Neighbors," "Let's Make a Christmas Putz," "The Christmas Bears"

War Relief—"Thank You, America," "News Parade"

National Children's Fund

"Thank You, America" and "News Parade" give up-to-the-minute information about the National Children's Fund.

School of the Air of the Americas

Letters about the way in which United States authors have treated material about the other American Republics are interesting for Junior Red Cross School Correspondence albums. You, and perhaps your more mature pupils, will enjoy reading Edwin Arlington Robinson's narrative poem, *Toussaint L'Ouverture* and Archibald MacLeish's *Conquistador*. Since poetry cannot be translated, no long passages should be copied, but brief accounts can be given of the authors with a paragraph synopsis of the poem.

The American Junior Red Cross pamphlet, *American Neighbors*, ten cents per copy, has been called in one listing, "the biggest dime's worth in the field," on the various phases of our relationship with the other Americas.

Some of the *Junior Red Cross News* stories listed last month will also be of interest in relation to the Thursday broadcast, "Tales from Far and Near."

The topics for the Friday broadcasts on Current Events and Civics include many that are closely in line with the Junior Red Cross theme for this year. See the poster, the *Calendar*, the September and October *Junior Red Cross News*, and "The Guide for Teachers." Of especial interest are such stories as "Filippo Mazzei, American Patriot" in October; "The Pilgrim Tower" and "A Rising or a Setting Sun?" in November.

This month, the poem "Great-Great-Grandmother," the story about "Polly Jefferson in Paris," the feature article describing "Christmas at the Neighbors," and a number of items in "News Parade," are all relevant to the themes of the broadcasts.

The Calendar Picture

The Lincoln Memorial in Washington was chosen for the picture on the December *Calendar* page, to symbolize the national unity essential in securing democracy. The blessings sought under this "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" were dependent from the start on realization that citizens must be "straightly tied to all care of each other's good." Those blessings are summarized in the quotations from the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution quoted in October and November. For many, the reminders of our heritage have a fresh impact.

A *New York Times* editorial this fall described "queer friends of democracy" who ". . . defend democracy. At best" they imply "America began to get a whiff of democracy only half a dozen years ago; and alas! how much still remains to be done."

"They defend an American way of life which as yet is only a blueprint in their own minds. They have very little to say for the way of life in which Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson lived and died."

(*"Topics of the Times," October 30, 1941*)

Natchez is comin', you make more fuss than you do over your own blood relations."

Mother Kistler laughed. "You're just jealous, Luke! Johnny!

Are you after the cookies again? I'll have to find something to keep you out of mischief." She glanced around the neat kitchen. Over the fire something that smelled good was cooking in the big iron kettle.

"As I live and breathe, if I didn't almost forget! Johnny, run over to Aunt Hilda's and ask for the loan of that kettle of hers. Go quick, now, because soon it will be dark. And don't you come back without it."

With one regretful glance at the cookies, Johnny started out. The wind was cold, but the warm scarf and cap that Mother had knitted kept his neck and ears warm. Johnny whistled as he went over the steep mountain path. It was going to be a good Christmas dinner, but it was a long time to wait—and those cookies—

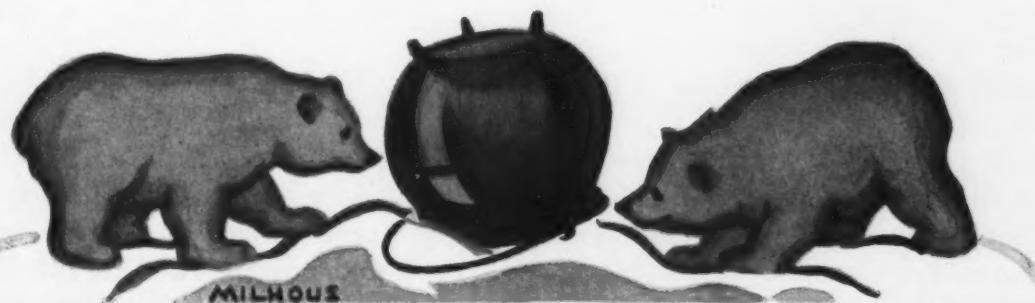
Somewhat Johnny was a little later leaving his aunt's warm kitchen than he had planned. Christmas preparations



were under way there, too, and when Johnny left he was comfortably full of crisp brown cookies. They were almost, if not quite, as good as his mother's.

The kettle was almost as big as Johnny, and it was heavy. He started out boldly with it, but as he reached the top of the mountain road, he was out of breath and the kettle was growing heavier. The day no longer seemed cold; in fact, little beads of perspiration stood out on Johnny's forehead. At the top of the hill he put the kettle on the ground and stopped to get his breath. The sun had set between the two mountain peaks and dark shadows were gathering. The trees that had seemed so friendly were dark and scary now. They seemed to reach out long, clutching fingers to him. Johnny shivered. Then, just as he was ready to pick up the kettle again, there came a strange, rustling sound from among the trees, the sound of something heavy walking—walking—coming nearer—nearer—

There it was! And there were *two* of it. Johnny stood frozen with terror as two big bears ambled out from among



And then—Johnny turned over the kettle with himself under it. The bears were right beside him; he could hear them sniffing

the trees, and came towards him. His body could not move, but all kinds of thoughts went racing through his mind. These were the bears that Father had been looking for. These were the bears that had carried off the Kistler pig. Perhaps they were hungry. If so, would they eat him? Did bears eat people? If they did, then he, Johnny, would not get any of Mother's Christmas cookies.

Perhaps it was the thought of the cookies that helped him. At all events, as the bears came nearer, Johnny found himself able to move and move quickly. His mind worked quickly, too. Closer came the bears. And then—Johnny turned over the kettle with himself under it! It was a tight fit and Johnny was glad that he was thin and rather small for his age. Under the kettle it was dark and he was crouched in a most uncomfortable position.

The bears were right beside him now; he could hear them sniffing. Sniff, sniff, sniff! Evidently Johnny smelled as good to the bears as cookies smelled to him. Suddenly his heart seemed to jump right into his mouth, for one of the bears was pawing at the kettle, trying to turn it over. He could hear the scrape of its claws.

Once again Johnny thought quickly. He was crouched on a fair-sized stone; he could feel it pressing into him. Somehow he managed to get the stone from under him and to hit the side of the kettle with it. Clang! Clang! Clang! The kettle gave out a ringing noise. The bears stopped pawing. Clang! Clang! Clang! Silence. Clang! More silence, except for a shuffling sound that told Johnny the bears were going away.

As soon as he dared, Johnny pushed

over the kettle. It was now almost dark, the shadows among the trees had deepened. That large shadow over there, was it the bears? Taking no chances, Johnny was down the hill in faster time than anyone would have thought possible.

Mother Kistler opened the kitchen door and Johnny and the big kettle almost fell over the threshold.

"Sakes alive, Johnny. You're as slow as a mud turtle. Where've you been—why, the boy's as white as a sheet."

Uncle Luke turned from the fire to peer sharply at Johnny.

"What's the matter, boy? Hants get you on the mountain?"

"No," said Johnny. "Bears." And told his story with only a very small quiver in his voice.

Almost before the story was told, Father Kistler reached for his gun. "Come, boys," he said to his two older sons. "We got to get those bears. Get the dogs. Coming, Luke?"

Uncle Luke had risen from his seat, but he sank back again, shaking his head.

"I reckon not, William. Ninety-nine bears I've killed in my time. 'Tain't lucky to kill one hundred. No, I ain't going. I'll just stay here and welcome the fancy relations from Natchez."

Johnny stood by the door, a question in his eyes.

"Sure," said his father. "Sure, we want you along, son. You got to show us where the bears are."

The color had come back to Johnny's face. Holding his head high, he stepped out into the cold, dark night. He was a man, and this was his first bear hunt.

The hunt was a long and a cold one.

At last the dogs tracked down the bears, and some well-aimed bullets finished them.

"Gosh," said Johnny's brother as he looked down at the bears stretched out on the snow. "Gosh, them's the biggest bears I seen!"

"We'll have bear steak!" shouted Johnny. "Bear steak for dinner. That'll

be something to show the fancy relatives from Natchez. Bear steak!"

And from somewhere among the big rocks in the darkness came the triumphant echo of Johnny's shout, "BEAR STEAK!"

Author's Note: Acknowledgment is made to Colonel Henry Shoemaker, State Archivist of Pennsylvania, who collected this story in the Pennsylvania mountains and gave me permission to re-write it.

Pat-a-Pan

Bernard de la Monnoye (1641-1726) Burgundian Carol (French)

As for a merry walk *p* Wil lie, bring your lit-tle drum, Rob in take your flute and come Well be
When the folk of oth-er days to the King of Kings gave praise On the
God and man to-day are one Like the sounding flute and drum Well be

poco a poco cresc.

pp

merry as you play flute and drum they'd play} Tu-re-lu-re- lu, pat-a-pat-a pan, On the flute and drum they'd
merry as you play Well be mer- ry as you

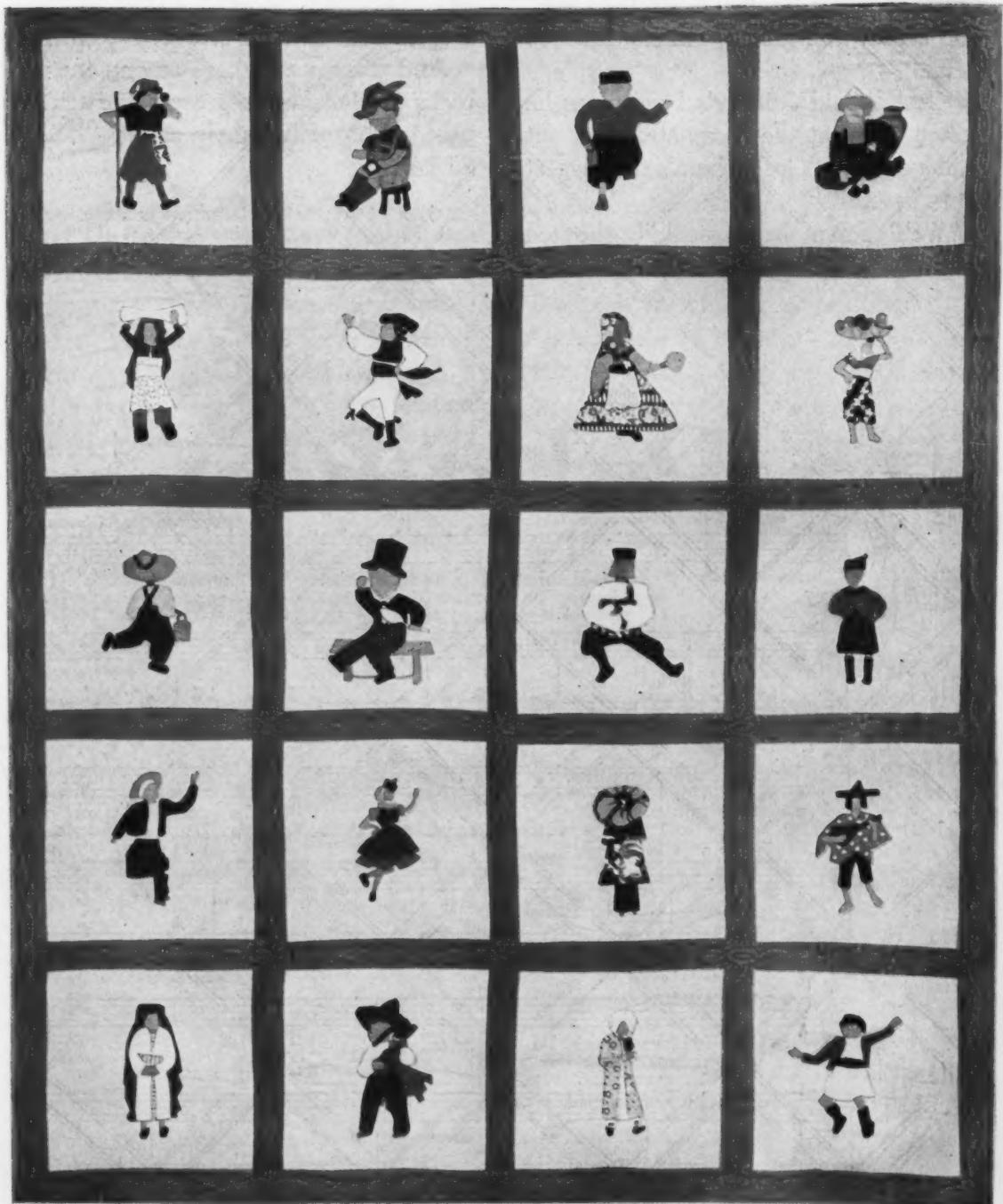
mf

play, For a Christmas should be gay!
play, And their hearts were very gay!
play, For a Christmas should be gay!

mf

poco rit. *a tempo* *ppp*

DEcoration by Jo Fisher



The quilt above was designed and made by sixth-graders of the Westfield School, Toledo, Ohio. Chief designer was Arthur Gomoll; his helpers were Mary Johnson, Bonnie DuBois, Clydabelle Padgett and Thomas Rochte. The whole class took part in piecing the quilt together from flour bags and colored cotton scraps collected in the

neighborhood. The figures of different nationalities were used because the Red Cross was founded on the idea of helping people in need, regardless of their country. The quilt will be on display in the museum of the National Headquarters of the American Red Cross for some time, and will then be sent to a children's hospital in this country.

